

Reina

Field Mouse

Read your palm the only way I know
With fingertips, with my eyes closed
They're rivers running into lakes
Moon rocks on the orbit's face I had patience, I buried my face
In quiet corners I stood in place
In a still life of some last scene
In the ghost side of a sunbeam
What don't I already know?
I don't go anywhere you go
Your eyes, awake, still in a dream
They don't tell me anything

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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